MURDER ON THE OUTPOSTS.

A MYSTERY OF THE REBELLION. TOLD FOR THE TRIBUNE BY AN OLD SOLDIER. It was in Virginia during the autumn of 1861. the first year of the war. I was a sergeant in an ne arst year of the war.

ofautry company which had been selected on account of its figuiting qualities to guard an important point on the line of communications. The South Branch, rising a considerable distance above orefield, winds along north until it passes Rom-

ney, and four miles beyond that mountain-locked atural stronghold bends abruptly to the east, on ite way to join the greater stream of the Potomac. and the turnpike-road connecting Rom ney, where the Union force was disposed, with Green Springs Run, the depot of supplies on the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad, crossed the river by a suspension bridge. The written order to our captain commanded him to hold this bridge "to the last man, if necessary." And there we remained until some weeks later, when the Confederates manœuvred our entire force back to its base on the

The war had stripped this part of Virginia of most of its people. Hillside and valley seemed to belong again to the wild things of nature. The scream of an eagle searing in the gray sky would call out a perfect din of animal notes. Even the soldiers prowled about as steathily as the foxes themselves which now and again scampered out of the laurel bushes. Graceful deer, with spreading antiers, sometimes peered out from under ferest growth. One afternoon a bear even made bold to invade a picket-post's cooking campkettle, licking the fat from the edge with great relish and contentedly loping off before the startled diers could realize the character of the visitor and fix their payonets to turn him into better meat

One evening, just at 6, as the second relief was changing posts, the sharp crack of a musket shot rang out, from down the river apparently. It was a dark night and nothing could be seen. At the shanties the poker-decks were cast aside and are was busile for a mement, the rush of feet, the rattle of leather straps as the men put on their harness, a curse or two as some one tailed to find his own musket, and then all was still again. Cartridges were looked at, pieces clutched and alanced in a half-jocose manner, as if to say the "Johnnies" would get more than they came for, and all listened for the next shot, or a voiley, and the order to "fall in!"

We had a captain and two lieutenants. But the first lieutenant, a crusty, good soldier, who was killed the next year at Antietam, was serving his turn on guard that day. Just before dusk, we knew, he had crossed the bridge with a corporal and private to go to the left along the river and up the ravines, to see that all was in order at the posts for the night. Ten of the men also from the hanties had been missing since early b the afternoon, and it was supposed they had dodged the in order to ford the river, and had gone to a but in one of the ravines where an old negro had been sunggling whiskey for some time and selling it clandestinely to our soldiers. The lieutenaut had intended to visit the hut in quest of the strag-

had intended to visit the hut in quest of the straggiers.

Minutes passed, and though we stood about at the shanties with arms in hand no sound came but the murmur of the river eddying along under the bridge, the sighing of the trees, and the cough of a sentinel pasing his beat down the road in front of the guard-house. Suddenly there was a challenge across the river. "Halt! Who comes there?"

Quick footsteps up the road brought a messenger, and the captain ordered me to take a squad to the guard-house. Down the steep road my squad and I went at the double-quick. The moon was rising from behind the mountains toward Winehester, throwing her white light through the graceful wires of the bridge and athwart the trembling ripples of the river. I arranged my men at the guard-house as I had been ordered, and took my stand near the sentine!. A little procession approached us from the other side and as it neared the centre, where the curving cables seemed almost to touch it ou either flank, we could see it was formed by eight men bearing another wrapped in a blanket on their shoulders, and that it was led by the heutenant of the guard. Behind, between two guards with fixed bayenets, recled a drunken soldier. I was called from my astonishment by the sharp voice of the officer ordering me to give him men to relieve his of their burden. The eight men and their burden, and the drunken one who followed, were the ten stragglers to the negro hit. The transfer was made and the procession continued up the road to the shanties. The intoxicated man fell to the ground as he neared the guard-house with an attack of mania a pots. He was a raw-boned, generally well-behaved Pennsylvanian, who are a strangers to the negro hit. The excitement of finding the dead body of Parr, who was well liked in the company, had sobered all of the stragglers but the Pennsylvanian, and had made them cautions as to what they said that could have any bearing on Parr's death. The body had been sumbled on in the dark by the ficutenant when on the other side Minutes passed, and though we stood about at the

when on the other side of the river near the outlet to the ravine, as he was returning from the negro hit with the nine scapegraces he had met there. Before the body had been carried far, it had been examined in the light of a ploket-fire and no wound or trace of violence could be found.

What was the connection between the shot at 8 o'clock and Parr's death? Had the enemy had anything to do with it, more than one shot would have been heard, for all the stragglers were armed, and, drunk as they may have been a lively fusillade. But all agreed that there was but one shot.

rather because they were drunk, there would have been a lively fusiliade. But all agreed that there was but one shot.

The Peansylvanian writhed in his delirium on the bunk, and was held down by three or four men. He appeared to have no interest in anght but the hobgoblins and creeping things that assailed him in his fancy. But he had semirational moments, when he would sit up and carry on a conversation with himself in muttered, incoherent tenes net easy to understand. And whenever he speke we listened, as if for a revelation. Our only light in the hut was from a single candle set into the socket of a bayonet stock in the earther floor. From time to time he would force himself out of the strong hands that were holding him, and, as he swung his arms mournfully about, his shadow and eurs would be thrown upon the rude walls and cotton ceiling of the hut, making absurd, yet, under the cucumstances, frightful caricatures of human suffering. Only once did he say anything worth while: "Poor Parr! but I was n't to blame." Yes, poor Parr! but who was to blame?

was n't to blame." Yes, poor Parr! but it was a dreadful thing to believe that murder could have been committed there, among comrades whose lives were in constant peril for a common cause, even if done in a drunken brawl. But there was no certainty that all of the nine had been much in liquor. As I scanned the faces of the other stragglers I was nuzzled by one countenance, that of a little Welshman, well-knit, about thirty, dark-complexioned, and having a pair of back e.e., which even on ordinary occasions were full of fire. But now his eves glowed like two burning coals and his checks were asien white. His manner and voice were agitated in the extreme, and to every question his answer varied but slightly from: "Look ve, ah know nothin about it." The delirious fellow's ravings had seemed strange, but now a snepicion was growing that the man who did the murder, if a murder was done, was this Weishman, whose violent temper and vindictive nature were known to us all.

While the horrible thoughts snggested to my mind by all that had occarred on this stirring night were crowding upon me, another sergeant relieved me with orders to take the stragglers to t e shanties, all but the Pennsylvanian, who could not be removed.

In a ho low place bebind the shauties burned the

me with orders to take the stragglers to the shanties, all but the Penusylvanian, who could not be removed.

In a ho low place behind the shanties burned the gre three where the company's cooking was done. Its glare was hidden from distent observers, and the wind kept off by the shanties in front and the ridge which rose steeply bahind, and at each end was shaded by screens of laurel bushes interlaced with pine branches, in the open space before the bright subsers that sparkled avainst a bure back-log, the men gathered to while away the long evenings until the hour came to "turn in" for sleep. Many of the soldiers were striplings, not yet out of their feens. But there were some there in the groups that used to stretch their feet into the ashes before the fire who could no doubt have told stranger tales than any they told, had they been so inclined; half-grizzled waits from various parts of the world; veterans of Europeon, Asian and African wars; sailors who had sai'ed in all'the known seas—one of these had made several slare voyares, another had been an accomplice in a famous mutiny where the crew killed its master and mates aed were running the ship off to turn her into a pirate when overtaked and captured by an American man-of-war. There were the fag-ends of humanity collisted for pelf and from hatred of work, and associated with sonest and patriotic men. Like some of the crusaders of old they were fighting for meat and drink, and pay, in a glorious cause. Yet mercenaries as many of these men were, and frankly acknowledged themselves to be, they were mostly brave and were loyal to the fing they had chosen to follow. And over us all was a captain who was an earnest man in the cause of the Union, a gallant pad skilful seldier, very pions withal, and a great sake of intexicating drink.

In front of the fire, within a semi-curole formed by all of us at the shanties, lay Parr's body, deponing streached out on the bandes comrade's rugged.

face. Parr was a finely-shaped man with strong but good features, and, in sailor fashion, for he had been a man-o'-war's-man, he wore a thick beard eccurciting his throat from ear to ear, the rest of his face being shayed smooth. There was no sign about him that we could see of a violent death. He was scarcely even paler than usual. The captain ordered the stragglers placed in the front rank of the semi-circle, and in his indignation burst into a scathing harangue against druking.

The Welshman, however, drew the covert scrutiny of all by his behavior. He shook violently as his eyes searched all the faces about the ring, and it was noticed that never once did he let his turn toward Parr's body. But while the captain was at the height of his elequence, pointing to the lesson of total abstinance to be drawn from the tragical incident, one of the stragglers, a very loquacious fellow, of an envious mind and bitter dislikes, had been uneasily watching the Welshman. Suddenly, as if by an instinct, he rushed over to the body, and, kneeling down becide it, ealled the first heutenaut's attention to something under Parr's beard. It was a three-cornered gash sinking deep into the throat. At the exposure of this wound, new for the first time observed, another of the stragglers, usually the sprightliest young fellow in the company, fell in a faint across the corpse. The captain ceased his sermon and a whispered conference took place among the officers.

The stragglers were ordered to give over their muskets for inspection. All were found to be loaded, as was usual at such an outpost, and none had been recently fired off. Barrels, and bayonets too, shone like silver, will hout stain, or rust, or flaw, on steel or stock. The bayonet-scabbards too might have been examined, but somehow in the exitement this was overlooked. The detirious fellow's arms at the guard-house bore the scarch equally well. It was certainly mysterious. The eight sober stragglers all agreed about one thing, or seemed to agree about it, that they had drun

who was seat to Cumberland jail to awar his for mutder.

Stouewall Jackson shortly afterward displaced us all from that gloomy region and destroyed the beautiful bridge. The Seven Days fight was scareely over when the Weishman, wasted away almost to a skeleton from the effects of nearly a year's imprisonment on low diet, rejoined us at Harrison's Landing. He had been let out of jail for want of evidence against him.

But what was always curious to us was the after career of the young fellow who fainted over Parr's body. He was never a day well after that, though he had before been remarkably active and vigorous—the best athlete in a company of athletes. He was constantly in and out of hospital, a study and puzzle to the medical mea who saw that he was alling, but could not diagnose his aliment. He wasted finally away and died in a military hospital in Philadelphia, of some long Latin-named disease, according to hospital report, which had to give some scientific reason for his death, need died the same day that the Welshman was discharged from Cumberland jail.

Not long after, in Soptember, 1862, the cavalry of both sides, manomyring after the stattle of Antietin, came into contact near Harper's Ferry—a very trifling after indeed. One of the wounded Federal cavalrymen was brought to the rear. Death was settling down upon him and he begas to speak to the surgeon in charge of a murder on the outposts not quite a year before. The surgeon, amazed, listened attentively and heard the dying man insist that a Welshman accused of the murder was innocent. But the cavalryman, when he had got that far was seized by the last agonies and his voice was silenced for ever. This man, who had been transferred from our company to the cavalry regiment in which he mer ais fate, was the talkative person who had called attention to the wound in Parr's throat. What did he know i and how did he know it?

know it?

The mystery of that night at the Wire Bridge was never gleared up.

A MORNING AT MONMOUTH.

WHAT THE RACERS ARE DOING. FAST WORK BY TWO-YEAR-OLDS-TRITON NOT

LIKELY TO TRY FOR THE WITHERS.

Whenever the writer during the last few weeks visited either Jerome Park or Sheepshead Bay the tret questions invariably put by trainers with aspirations for the Withers were: "Have you seen Triton or Hopeful! What do you know about them! Is Alcock going to do us all up?" To secure if possible a solution of this problem, an early morning trip was made to the Newmarket of America, at Monmouth Park, on Thursday last. Colonel W. A. Morrell, the new superintendent of the track, stood on the steps of his house and with genial old-fashioned hospitality extended his welcome. "Spring at last," and ho, "and high time too. Why, would you believe it! A week age to-day the frost was not out of the ground, but we are doing very well now, and out horses are galloping in about 52. Mr. Withers was down the ether day and was very nucle pleused because he had heard that we were working in 50, but that is not the general rule."

"Any objection to a little touting, Mr. Alcock!" asked the writer of the trainer who stood near the rails with

"Not the slightest, only you're a bit late. However, I'm just about giving my young ones a fast half mile, and you can see that."

The calvacade defiled by in the following order : Electric, Fancy, St. Elmo, Friar, Tay, Mariner, Fleetwing, themselves and in an instant they were away. A cloud of dust enveloped them, but before they had reached the of dust enveloped them. Out become they had reached the quarter Electric and Fancy partied company with the rest and running head and head swung into the stretch together, with Electric next to the rails. Fancy hung on well to the cost, but he managed to keep slightly in front and passed the pest first by a head, Fancy two lengths in front of St. Elmo, the rest strazeling in.

"What do you make it !" asked Alcock turning to the

what do you make it was a five to the lookers on in the grand stand.
"Fifty-four seconds," ropied Charles Littlefield.
"That's it," replied Alcock. "It was a good move The first quarter was run in 28, and the second in 26. Did you have much in hand at the finish?" he asked

"No; we just about got there," was the reply.
"And now, how is Triton?" Mr. Alcock was asked.

"Very well, indeed. He is doing nicely, as all of my "Very well, indeed. He is doing nicely, as all of my horses are. He gives me no trouble whatever, and took his work this morning. He is moving in about 1:54. I have not asked him to do any netter, and I shall not hurry him for the Withers. If he comes to hand easily, well and good, but I'm not going to pound the life out of him to win the first race of the year. There are other races later on just as good."

Meanwhile Hopeful, the "dark one," with whom

Alcoek, according to the "knowing ones," is to swoop down on Withers day, went by. He is rather deficient in substance and somewhat leggy. His legs are clean, and he is racing-like, but he is a delicate feeder. To coun-

he is racing-like, but he is a delicate feeder. To counteract this Alcock, ever alive to the interest of his charges, had a patent from feed-box put up in his box. The cats are put in a small bin-like receptacle and thence descend to a perforated pan resembling a sleve. The flow of the cats can be regulated so that there is not more than a handful on the pan at a time. A horse that would toy wite and mess his feed if he got it all at once, nibbles up double the quantity he went of the the country he went of the work of the cooking with the content of the cooking with the horses that had just worked were cooling out Me Alcock kinds showed the charge is that have

the quantity he would otherwise consume.

While the horses that had just worked were cooling out, Mr. Alcock kindly showed the others in their boxes. St. Augustine is a much improved coit, and in the pink of condition. In fact he looks so well that if he starts for the withers he will beat more than will beat him. Tolu has not as much substance as the coit, but Alcock says that she has put on more flesh this winter than ever before. She will be ready for Jerome Park.

"And here is her ladyship," said Alcock throwing open the door of the adjoining box. "Do you recognize her?" he maked and his face beamed with pleasure as the stately Louisette turned her pretty head to see who her visitors were. She is a grand looking mare in every respect. Deep through the heart, with powerful shoulders and massive quarters suggesting driving power of the highest order, she fills the eye and impressas even the most impassive. Duchess has spread out into a mare of beauty and substance, but her rival Louisette beats her on looks. She is in the best of condition and moves well.

Old Monitor looking fine as silk came forward as number as a two-year-old and subjected his visitors to a close scrutiny. "Old Haidy is doing very well," said Alcock. "He is a knowing fellow. Nothing escapes him, but nothing worries him, he is so easible and seems to be perpetually making cosmients to himself."

Thaskeray was next shown. This cold is by all odds the most forward of the lot and has worked in 1:52. Nothing alls him and if alcock has luck with him he is likely to recur to his screeliest two-year-old form.

"He was baaked at \$4,000 to \$190 for the Suburban in the early part of the week," suggested the writer.

"Yes I well than the odds must have get larger against him, as yesterday I put \$100 on him against \$5,000," was the reply.

"And here is Tritou," said Alcock. A rich dark brown, of about the same size as Dwyer Brothers' Richmond, he has a plain head, a lazy eye, a blood-like neck, well placed shoulders, and good quarters. As he stands bef

"And how is the Indian chief, Tecumsch?" Littledeld was asked.

"Ob, they'll tell you all about him," said the trainer, pointing to Alcock and the cabers laughing. "I gave him a fast mile yesterday, but it's no good to me, as they all know it. You see Jeter Walden has a private track, on which he zallops his horses until he has something good enough to astenish as with, as he thinks, and then he brings it over here. On Tuesday he brought out the four-year-old Banquet by

King Ban, who showed a mile in 1:49. The half-mile was made in 52 seconds and the three-quarters in 1:20. Yesterday morning I gave Tecumsch his mile and he did it in 1:48%, making the last quarter in 26 seconds. This I tink is the best mile of the year so far. Tecumsch is a colt of which great things were expected last year. With such work as this now his admirers are likely to get recompensed this year.

The best work done by two-year-olds this year was done by Mr. Kelly's two Glenelg coits, one a brother to the Heliotrope colt, and the Lisbon filly. Barbee, on Wednesday afternoon, took them out and they showed him a half mile in 52%. With such moves as this there will be some lively progress in the Juvenile. Mr. Kelly has always had an especial fancy for two-year-olds, and with such youngsters as Barbee now handles for him the canary cap ought to be seen to the fore frequently on the T. Y. C. this year. The Hellotrope colt, a Withers candidate, is a fine animal and is doing very well indeed.

Appleby & Johnson's horses are quartered at Lewis Appleby & Johnson's horses are quartered at Lewis

early work, and stewart, was and calculated its, is not hurrying them.

Mr. Babeock's string was reinforced last week by the addition of Hoder, Greenland and the three-year-old Falsetto-Orange Girl filly from Mr. Johnson's farm. Greenland looks and moves well. Hoder, one of the Mortemer cast-offs from Rancocus, is a slashing big colt, but hardly an early bird.

A NIGHT-CAP PARTY.

BY ONE WHO WAS THERE.

RANSOME, Mass., April 6 .- "You'd had better by half come. You'll have a nawful good time if ye do. I want ter go so I d' know nothin' how I sha'll stan' it to home. But ye know," shaking her head solemnly, "ye know I could no ways leave Robert.

Robert he 's mizzible." Mrs. Nancy Holland pansed an instant in her breathless hurry of speech, and before either of us could make a remark, she began again.

"Oysters! 'n cake, 'n pie! and the sightest of ice-cream! Oh, I jes wish I c'd leave Robert!"
"If my health is spared, and the weather is good, and we don't have company, I mean to go to that Night-cap Party this evening," said I when we

two were left alone. Perhaps such parties are customary entertainments in the outer world from which we are shut off, but they have never come under my observation. The announcement of one sets this little settlement into a flutter of interest. We have inquired as to their origin and purpose. Their germ, their embryo, we have been entirely unable to discover, but we have found out for what pur-

pose a night-cap party is held. It is to help pay the minister; and the minister himself and his family are expected to be present and each contribnte their lifteen or twenty-live cents to go into the general fund for their benefit.

Before nightfall, while I was in the barnyard feeding the Plymouth Rock hens, I saw the top of a head tightly tied about with a white cloud enter at the front gate. I hastened forward and met Mrs. Eweil, our neighbor, whose husband had died a few menths before, and at whose funeral we had officiated in a new capacity.

"Good evenin," she said in her rasping voice.
"No. I can't come in, we're a goin' ter hey a festival

officiated in a new capacity.

"Good evenin," she said in her rasping voice.

"No, I can't come in, we're a goin' ter her a lessival up ter the vestry ter night, 'n we're goin' ter hey James Rand's team 'n all of us go. It'll be a gran' time, 'n I thought you 'n yer sister might squeeze inter the team with us."

She was very kind and I told her so. She knew of no greater treat that could possibly be offered to us.

At precisely half-past 6 that night, Gertrude and I "squeezed into the team" and were taken At precisely half-past 6 that night, Gertrude and I "squeezed into the team" and were taken up to the village, and deposited at the vestry door. In the rear of the vestry was a small apartment called the "ante-room," into which all the women immediately crowded, and which smelled strongly of citronella hair-oil, and cologue of the kind sold in small trul baitles by pediers. There was a reliable teylinder stove and a looking-giass. This was all the furniture, and was all that was needed, save two settees against the wall. We waiched, and did exactly what the rest did. The aim of each newcomer was, first, to get off her cloak and cloud and rubber overshoes and rell them up in a tight bundle, pinned toget er with a large pin. each newcomer was, first, to get on her cloak and cloud and rubber overshoes and rell them up in a tight bundle, pinned toget er with a large pin. This bundle was then deposited on a settee. In this way, when you found any of your "tinings" you found them all. Also, when you lost any of them you lost them all. Every system has its drawbacks. My sister and I had packed our wraps and put the rells on the pile of similar objects, and saw that our next move was to push and arruggle toward the mirror, and there give a last attention to hair and collar. Mrs. Ewell was evidently intending to be our chaperone, for she kept near us and whispered:

"When you're ready, is say the word, and we'll go in. I want to be in time for the singin' for it's goin' ter be extry. They've been and got M'rindy B'lou fron the cross-road."

Evidently nearly every one had the same wish to be early, for when we passed into the vestry, the

Evidently nearly every one had the search of the to becarly, for when we passed into the vestry the roote, not a very large one, was nearly full. Soon a hush fell upon the place, and I saw the minister conducting to the platform a tall girl in a plaid dress and a large necktie.

"Ain't she dressed beautiful?"

"Now I guess you'll hear somethin'!"
"Did she cut'n make that basque herself? If she did, she's a reg'lar born dress-maker, thet's ail I hev

THE PHILOSOPHY OF DRESS.

There has been within the last few years, both in America and in England, a marked development of artistic taste. It is impossible to go into the houses of any of our friends without seeing at once that a great change has taken place. There is a far greater feeling for color, a far greater feeling for the delicacy of form, as well as a sense that art can touch the commonest things of the household into a certain grace and a certain loveliness. But there is also a whole side of human life which has been left almost entirely untouched. I mean of course the dress of men and of women. . .

I have been sometimes accused of setting too high

tan importance on dress. To this I answer that dress in itself is a thing to me absolutely unimportant. In fact the more complete a dress looks on the dummy-figure of the milliner's shop, the less suitable is it for being worn. The gorgeous costumes of M. Worth's atelier seems to me like those Capo di Monte cups, which are all curves and coral-handies, and covered over with a Pantheon of gods and goddesses in high excitement and higher relief: that is to say, they are curious things to look at, but entirely unfit for use. The French milliners consider that women are created specially for them by Providence, in order to display their elaborate and expensive wares. I hold that dress is made for the service of Humanity. They think that Beauty is a matter of frills and forbelows. I care nothing at all for frills, and I don't know what furbelows are, but I care a great deal for the wonder and grace of the human Form, and I hold that the very first anon of art is that Beauty is always organic, and comes from within, and not from without, comes from the perfection of its own being and not from any added prettiness. And that consequently the beauty of a dress depends entirely and absolutely on the loveliness it shields, and on the freedom and motion that it does not impede. From this it follows that there can be no beauty

of national costume until there is a national knowledge of the proportions of the human form. To Greek and Roman such knowledge came naturally from the gymnasium and the palmstra, from the dance in the meadow and the race by the stream. We must acquire it by the employment of art in education. And knowledge of the kind I propose would soon become the inheritance of all, if each child were taught to draw as early as it is taught to

learn a great many valuable laws of dress. It will learn, for instance, that a waist is a very beautiful

And if a child does study the human figure it will learn a great many valuable laws of dress. It will learn, for instance, that a waist is a very beautiful and deficate curve, the more deficate like more beautiful, and not, as the mill ner fondly imagines, an abrupt right angle suddenly occurring in the middle of the person. He will learn again that size has nothing to do with beauty. This, I dare say, seems a very obvious proposition. So it is, All truths are perfectly obvious once one sees them. The only thing is to see them. Size is a more accident of existence, it is not a quality of Beanty ever. A great cathedral is beautiful, but so is the bird that fires round its pinnacle, and the butterfly that settles on its shaft. A foot is not necessarily beautiful because it is small. The smallest feet in the world are those of the Chinese Ladies, and they are the neliest also.

It is curious that so many people, while they are quite really to recognize, in looking at an ordinary drawing-rosm, that the horizontal line of frieze and dado diminishes the height of the room, and the vertical lines of pillar or panel incrasse it, yet should not see that the same laws apply to dress also, Indeed in modern costume the horizontal line is used far too often, the vertical line far too rarely, and the oblique line scarcely at all.

The waist, for instance, is as a rule placed too low down. A long waist implies a short skirt, which is always ungraceful as it conveys an effect of short limbs, whereas a high waist gives an opportunity of a fine series of vertical lines failing in the folds of the dress down to the feet, and giving a sense of tallness and grace. Broad puffed slewes, again, by intensifying the horizontal line across the shoulders, may be worn by those that are tall and slight, as they diminish any excessive height and give proportion; by those who are small they should be avoided. And the oblique line, which core gets by a cloak failing from the shoulder across the body, or by a gown looped up at the side, is smit

whether the time is the control of t

And now a regards the cut of the dress.

The first and last rule is this, that each separate article of apparel is to be suspended from the shoulders always, and never from the waist. Nature, it should be noted, gives one no opportunity at all of suspending anything from the waist's delicate curve. Consequently by means of a tight corset a regular artificial ledge has to be produced, from which the lower garment may be securely hung. Where there are petticoats, there must be corsets. Annihilate the former and the latter disappear. And I have no hesitation in saying that whenever in history we find that dress has become absolutely monstrous and ugly, it has been partly of course through the mistaken idea that dress has an independent existence of its own, but partly also through the fashion of hanging the lower garments from the waist. In the sixteenth century, for instance, to give the necessary compression. Cath arine de Medicis. High-Priestess of poison and petticoats, invented a corset which may be regarded as the climax of a career of crime. It was made of steel, had a front and a back to it like the culrass of a fire-brigade man, and was secured under the left arm by a hasp and plu, like a Saratoga trunk. Its object was to diminish the circumference of the waist to a circle of thirteen inches, which was the fashionable size without

under the left arm by a hasp and pio, like a Saratoga trunk. Its object was to diminish the circumference of the waist to a circle of thirteen inches, which was the fashionable size without which a lady was not allowed to appear at court; and its influence on the health and beauty of the age may be estimated by the fact that the normal waist of £ well-grown woman is an oval of twenty-six to twenty-cight inches certainly.

As one bad habit always breeds another, in order to support the weight of the petticoats the fardingale was invented also. This was a huge structure, sometimes of wicker-work like a large clothes-basket, sometimes of seei ribs, and extended on each side to such an extent that in the reign of Elizabeth an English lady in full dress took up quite as much room as we would give now extended on each side to such an extent that in the reign of Elizabeth an English lady in full dress took up quite as much room as we would give now to a very good sized political meeting. I need hardly point cut what a selfish fashion this was, considering the limited surface of the globe. Then in the last century there was the hoop, and in this the crinoline. But, I will be told, ladies have leng ago given up crinoline, hoop and fardingale. That is so. And I am sure we all feel very grateful to them. I certainly do. Still, does there not linger, even now, amongst us that dreadful, that wicked thing, called the Dress-Improver? Is not that vilest of all diminutives, the crinolette, still to be seen? I am quite sure that none of my readers ever dream of wearing anything of the kind. But there may be others who are not so wise, and I wish it could be conveyed to them, delicately and contrously, that the hour-glass is not the ideal of Form. Often a modern dress begins extremely well. From the neck to the waist the lines of the dress itself follow out with more or less completeness the lines of the figure; but the lower part of the costume becomes bell-shaped and heavy, and breaks out into a series of narsh angles and coarse curves. Whereas if from the shoulders, and the shoulders only, each separate article were hung, there would be then no necessity for any artificial supports of the kind I have alluded to, and tight lacing could be done away with. If some support is considered necessary, as it orten is, a broad woollen band, or band of clastic webbing, held up by shoulder straps, will be found quite sufficient.

So much on the cut of the dress, now for its decoration.

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The French milliner passes a lurid and lucrative existence in sewing on bows where there should be no bows, and flounces where there should be no flounces. But, alas! his industry is in vain. For all ready-made ornamentation merely makes a dress may to look at and cumbersome to wear. The beauty of dress, as the beauty of life, comes always from freedom. At every moment a dress should respond to the play of the girl who wears it, and exquisitely echo the melody of each movement and each gesture's grace. Its loveliness is to be sought for in the delicate play of light and line in dainty rippling folids, and not in the useless ugliness and ugly uselessness of a stiff and stereotyped decoration. It is true that in many of the latest Parts dresses which I have seen there seems to be some recognition of the value of folds. But unfortunately the folds are all artificially made and sewn down, and so their charm is entirely destroyed. For a fold in a dress is not a fact, an item to be entered in a bill, but a certain effect of light and shade which is only exquisite because it is evanescent. Indeed one might just as well paint a shadow on a dress as sew a fold down on one. And the chier reason that a modern dress wears such a short time is that it cannot be smoo hed out, as a dress should be, when it is laid aside in the wardrobe. In fact in a fashionable dress there is far too much "shaping"; the very wealthy of course will not care, but it is worth while to remind those who are not millionaires that the more seams the more shabbiness. A well-made dress should last almost as long as a shawl, and if it is well made it does. And what I mean by a well-made dress is a simple dress that hangs from the shoulders, that takes its shape from the figure and its folds from the movements of the glin who wears it, and what I mean by a badly made dress is an elaborate structure of heterogene

CURRENT ANECDOTES.

On Monday afternoon, March 9, I had secasion to vide a newly erected cowhouse on a farm on my property is Shropshire. In one part of the cowhouse, partitioned of from the rest of the building, the farmer had six miles cows sted up, and also a litter of fine young pigs running loose and separated from the sow. Whilst conversing, observed one of the young pigs was busily engaged suching the milk from one of the cows, which was standing the milk from one of the cows, which was standing the milk from one of the cows, which was standing the milk from the young pigs was pusily engaged such its torsieges against the inside of the cow's off inful less in this manner it was able to reach, and continue sucking vigorously, with evident relish, until the farm er's wife, to save her milk, drove it, with the other young pigs, out of the cowhouse.